



The happiest week of my life



👁 49 ✓ 13 ★ 8

Chapter 1 by Rinat Menyashev

Who knows what happiness really is. I just wanted to share with you the week of my life where each day was so bright, joyful and full of good news that I just can't resist to tell it

Chapter 2 by Rinat Menyashev



Anyway, it's not about me... I just wanted to share, that after all these news were so great at the beginning and end up badly at the end. That's why I'm asking you - what is happiness?

Chapter 3 by intellikat



I certainly have a better idea now. Now that I have been diagnosed with cancer.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



Death has a way of putting things in perspective that once were not so.

I took several days after the news simply to be, and to think.

And then I decided to do something I had never done. To learn sailing, and to circumnavigate the globe during which time I would compose a novelette.

It was early Autumn when I set off.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 5 by intellikat



I did not make it. I died alone.

Login

or

Create new account

first person

change, being written in the

Chapter 6 by SaintSayaka

After death, there is nothing. Did you know that? Just jet black nothingness.

Oh, but the voices, they never stop. They never stop telling me about the happiness I'm missing out on.

Chapter 7 by intellikat

So I am asking you again, dear reader - what is happiness?

Is it the joys that you experience yourself to then simply tell others?

Or is it the joys you create for others?

The novelette I was going to compose during my voyage was a masturbatory gushing about the wonderful life I had led, and all the experiences I had thought of as joyful at that time. But when I had finished writing, I realized how boring it would have seemed to others.

And in that moment of clarity, my craft struck a large piece of wreckage I had been oblivious to in my state, and my fate was set. Cancer would not take me in time, drowning would take me earlier.

Funny how life is.

Death, however, is humorless and silent.

He gave me one chance to redeem myself and my selfish life. He gave me eight chapters to try and connect to you, dear reader. To try and salvage something from my life; here in death.

The voices won't end until I do.

Chapter 8 by intellikat



And so, let me share with you one of the most truly true one I ever experienced, perhaps,

Login

or

Create new account

It was at the beginning; the very beginning.

There must have been a moment. Back then. In the beginning. When I was young. When I could have made a different choice.

But I didn't. And here I am, at the end of my story.

Back then... at that time...

We had nothing. My parents were poor, yet I did not know. When the child was a child, he did not think of such things, but simply played and delighted in what it was to be alive.

To be alive. The only gift that is ever, truly free. And it can never truly be taken away, but only even given away.

I was a young boy, and I fell in love.

I had a bookshelf full of books. Illustrated classics above the bed; above my head. I read before sleep and visions filled my head, swirling and spinning my dreams into something fantastical and so beautiful. I cannot remember them all now. But I began to write. The story; the stories.

In the beginning...

And

Once upon a time.

Our stories are a gift, I think.

How we waste them.

Does anyone ever, ever, truly know how precious this life is... every, every moment of it? The poets or saints, maybe. So the girl said.

I read, and I wrote. I wrote into existence a life that was mine. Every moment precious, and true.

At the end. Now I realize. My life is not real.

See more of Story Wars

It was written by another

Login

or

Create new account

Squandered. Spent poorly.

In the beginning, it could have been something meaningful, something true.

In there beginning, I saw heaven and the angels ascending and descending. But now, life is earthbound.

Give us this daily our daily...

Perhaps in another. Another. Another life. Reborn. I will have another chance.

The beginning is a beautiful thing.

Do not waste it.

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account